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knocked at my door. By Jove! This is a bad business—on the wedding day!"

"Yes. But don't let's stop to talk," said Daura. "Can you and Conal manage without hurting him—in case there's a rib or anything broken? Though I don't see how there can be."

"Yes, we can manage as easily as falling off a log," Alastair tried to cheer her in his lazy, comfortable way. "You needn't wait to superintend. Just make a dart for the house, and see that the doors are open and the coast clear, there's a dear girl!"

Afraid to see them lift Conway, lest there should be some revelation of mysterious injury that she had not suspected, Daura fled away, racing like a frightened faun up the steep, short cut to the cliff path.

SHE pushed open the heavy door of the courtyard, ran up the stone steps, and along corridor after corridor, carpeted with tartan, until she reached Conway's room. It was as he had left it, with the bed unmade; but all his belongings were arranged with extreme neatness. He had the orderly habits of the disciplined soldier, and never scattered things about. Near the head of the bed dangled an old-fashioned bell rope, and Daura pulled it violently. A moment later there was a tap at the door, and she cried "Come in!" expecting a housemaid. Instead she was surprised to see the butler.

"Why do you answer the bell, Douglas?" she asked.

"I didn't answer it, my Leddy," the old man replied, hiding as best he could a surprise as profound as hers. "I chist wanted to see if Mr. Conway was here. This is the second time I was looking for him. I thought at first he was away for his bath."

"He's been out and had an accident," the girl explained. "I was with him. The Captain and Hamar's Conal are bringing him home. It was Janet I rang for. The bed must be made in a hurry. I'm afraid Mr. Conway's very ill—oh, here's Janet!" and quickly she told the maid what to do.

"An accident to Mester Conway on his wedding morn!" groaned the old man, whose one absorbing interest in life was "the family."

"Yes, it seems awful; but it may turn out not to be so bad as we think. Oh, do hurry, Janet, and don't snivel—please! Conal will fetch Dr. MacDonald. He'll get to the village quicker than anyone; for he'll take the Captain's bicycle, and he rides splendidly. Tell nobody yet, Douglas. I'll speak to his Lordship myself, and—and—"

"But, my Leddy, there's a gentleman for Mester Conway," explained the butler nervously. "Come in a motorcar. He wudna tak' no for an answer, when I was telling him Mester Conway was not in his room. He wud hae me come back, and look again, and say his name was Troy. Will I be tellin' him of the accident?"

Daura answered the question with another. "What sort of looking person is Mr. Troy, and what is his car like?"

"The gentleman is tall and thin and ferry dark, me Leddy, with a pair of thravn black eyes that go through a body, and a way o' speakin' that's no our way, nor yet the English, I'm thinkin'. The motorcar is a fine big red one, with a bit pink-faced lad to tak' care of it."

"Where's Mr. Troy waiting?" the girl went on. "Is he in the house?"

"Yes, me Leddy, he's no sort o' gentleman to be keeping outside. He's in the hall."

Daura thought for an instant. There was one window of the great hall, or rather at the foot of a staircase in a tower leading off it, through which a view of the dove cote and the courtyard gateway could be obtained. This tower with the winding staircase was not shut off from the hall, but separated from it by an open archway. A piece of tapestry was drawn across the archway in winter; but now it was pushed back on rings that slid along an ancient spear. If that window was ajar, and Alastair MacRimmon and Conal made any noise at the gate, it might occur to this Mr. Troy to go and look out. The idea frightened Daura. She was beginning dimly and dreadfully to wonder whether George Conway had really been struck by the passing motor, which had not seemed to touch him, or whether— She would not let the suggestion frame itself in words; but she knew that she did not wish that little procession passing through the courtyard to be seen by the man of the red car. She wanted to talk with him before he learned of the trouble that had fallen on the house.

"Go back quickly," she said to the butler, "and ask Mr. Troy to wait a few minutes. Make some excuse to stay with him; ask if he'll have something to eat or drink, or if there's anything you can send out to his chauffeur. If he says yes, don't go yourself; ring. Have young Angus get ready what-

ever is wanted. Don't let Mr. Troy look out of the staircase window, because—because they're coming through the courtyard. There—you understand? And he's not to guess, if he waits, that Mr. Conway can't come to him."

"Her Leddyship can depend on me. He'll not be goin' to the window whatever," said Douglas, using the third person in his polite Highland way, and hurrying off as fast as his seventy-year-old legs could carry him.

Janet had finished making the bed, and putting the room, already neat, into better order. Daura sent her away for hot water and brandy, and to tell a footman to have Captain MacRimmon's old bicycle (which he left at Dunelm season after season) ready for Conal. "But you mustn't speak in the servants' hall about the accident," she added, "unless they've already heard or seen something. Then you can mention that it was a motorcar—but that I myself wish to break the news to Lady Annira, and perhaps to his Lordship."

"Strange," she said to herself, as the maid vanished in haste, "how I seem to give orders as if I really knew what to do. But I don't—I don't!"

Her thoughts flew to the man waiting in the hall. Yes, that would be the thing to do next—to see him, to talk to him. She must do this herself. She must not even let Alastair know that there was a person waiting for George, or he would go and talk to him. Somehow, that would not be best. She could hardly have explained why, but she was sure. This was her affair. It was as if she still saw George's deathly face as she had pillowed it on her arm. It appealed to her, with its half-open, sightless eyes, which always before had looked at her kindly, with a frank, blue gaze. It asked her help, and help she must somehow give, though she did not yet know how.

"I'll wait for Alastair and Conal to bring him in," she thought, "and then I will see the man who was in the car, even before I go to Annira. It will be better for her not to know, until Dr. MacDonald has come and given some opinion. We'll have to keep it from her till then. Alastair must see that nobody goes to her."

AS she thought out this program Alastair appeared at the door. He supported George Conway's head and shoulders, and Conal held the limp figure under the knees. Both young men, strong as they were, looked hot and tired, and were breathing hard. They had come fast up a steep and difficult path, and Conway was no light load.

"Send me someone to help loosen the poor chap's clothes a bit and do what can be done before the doctor comes," said MacRimmon. "Meanwhile Conal can be off for MacDonald. No sign of consciousness yet."

"I'll send you Douglas," Daura answered, as Conal went out. She wanted an excuse to go to the hall, where she was sure that the butler was still dancing attendance on the man of the motorcar. "Has anyone seen you—or heard?"

"I think not," Alastair reassured her. "There wasn't a soul about, so far as we could see. Cut away, now, Doll. We don't want you here!" As he said this he half smiled, in spite of the cloud that had fallen over their happiness; and, smiling, there was a faint family likeness between them, something of the same expression. Both had hazel eyes, and auburn hair; though Alastair's close-cropped locks were many shades darker than Daura's thick, unruly waves. She knew very well that he always wanted her, as far as he himself was concerned.

"I know—I'm going," she said. "Don't let the news get to Nira. I must tell her myself; but not until after Dr. MacDonald has said something, one way or the other. He ought to be here in less than half an hour—if he's at home. Oh, I pray he may be there! By and by, when I think the doctor has arrived, I'll come and knock softly at this door—twice. You'll know it is I."

"Why not let me come to you somewhere?"

"No. It must be here. I have a good reason. It—it is—partly—on account of Nira."

"Very well. You know best."

SHE was off without another word, almost forgetting Alastair's existence. Early in the morning she would not have thought this so easy a thing to do. It appealed to her innate love of romance to think that Alastair—a soldier, whom many girls and even women admired—cared for her; not as a cousin, but as the one girl in the world.

Her confused sense of fear and helpless youth was gone suddenly, like a mist dispersed by the sun, as she entered the hall. There was something definite to do now, and she concentrated her whole mind on doing it well, without thinking ahead as to



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